

and I lifted it again, then I did no more, after I went into the house I gave the defendant \$2 to get more liquor, and he said he would go and get some, but his wife said she must go with him, and told the old man that somebody had run away; I supposed it was this man we had put on the snow; they told me to go into the entry and, after all, they came back.

I went into the early morning when they came back; I said: "I stayed there all night; I did not know when they came home, but slept on some old clothes and blankets; in the morning early I got up; the folk were up and gave me breakfast; defendant gave me a knife in the morning—a large jack-knife; I don't know what I did with the knife; I started for Rocky Hill, and from there to my mother's at Watertown. I know that jack of several places where he stop-

ped on the way. These collateral facts were corroborated by other evidence.) Went to Meriden; stayed several days; then went to Branford, then to New-Haven; was there three or four days, in Fleet street from thence to New York; shipped on board the schooner Buckaport, Capt. Brown, to Norfolk, for prize; schooner was wrecked off Cape May, and two persons were lost, but the other four of us were taken off the wreck; I first told my story, have stated to Edgemoor's page, and now, guilty conscience and God induced me to tell this story; I could have no peace of mind until I had told the whole.

Once examined—I gave my name as Jonathan

Smith at the Custom-House in Middletown, and called myself Jack; I first told the facts of the murder to Edmund Sage; I did not tell of it the day that I was at the Custom-House; I did not want it to be known there, that was the reason I gave a different name; I knew Mr. Samuel Trowbridge; when in New Haven I stayed in Fleet street; I think the murder was committed not far from 12 o'clock; may be mistaken; when I saw the blow struck I was cold and frightened, and that was the reason I did not give the alarm;

think derelict and a cap on add a coat; don't forget the color of his coat, top of his pants, and can't say he wore whiskers; I did not stop to see if Sage struggled when down; no blows were struck after he fell; he was dead when we went out to the barn, lying flat on his face; I think it was 35 minutes after the blows were given; there was no straw on the floor in that part, it had been heaped up; Sage, the deceased, had a dark coat and pants; the coat had faded

around his dark pants and coat; the coat was brown; dark vest, drab cap; had on a red tippet tied around his neck and tucked into his breast; think he had no overcoat. (This description was regarded by his parents as exactly correct.) We did not lay the body down between the bunks; in the south west room of defendant's house, where I went, there was a stove and no bed in that room; they helped me into that room. I lay down; there was only some old

them; I lay down, there was no sleep, the dogs and cats bed o'clock, when they came home they roused me up, and said they had some liquor, and I went out and drank; we drank an awful night that night; found myself by the stove in the morning; nothing was said about the murder in the morning; at the depot at Guilford there were gentle-

men talking about the body found in Lyme some weeks ago (this was when victims returned to Cromwell), and they said there was a reward offered; I said to a man, "I think I know something about it." I then turned to another man, who said, "If you do, you had better keep still." I never told anybody but Edmund Sage. I spoke of the reward at Kirby's store, in this place. I did not expect to get the reward, but asked for information; I was with Sage, at work for him, more than a week before I told him of the murder; one day I was at work with Henry Sage, unloading lumber in the saw barn where the murder was

It seemed as if I saw Charles E. Sago there, Edmund, the father, come in, and I went up to him and said I wanted to tell him something; he said he was in a hurry to go away; the next day he asked me about it, and I told him all the facts; I told him he would work me clear through to the end of the world, and I told him as far as he could.

Direct examination resumed—Defendant returned to me the \$2.91 3/4; my father's name was Sanford, and we have always gone by the name of Bonas; I don't know why; Sago, the deceased, had on boots; were considerably; one of them was worn away on the side to the spring, and the other was also clear to the spring; his hair was lightish, not as red as Mr. Culver's. [The above statements were also proffered perfectly accurately by the father.]

Upon this and other evidence before the Grand Jury, which was composed of as intelligent men as any Goddard County can produce, Nugent was fully convicted for trial.

Notwithstanding the direct character of the above testimony, subsequent events show that the eye that never sleeps—the Providence that is over active in all

the affairs of mankind—was watchful and vigilant as ever to bring out the astounding truths that seemed to lie so far beyond all human vision. Mr. Sage, the father of the missing boy, has a brother-in-law in Ithaca, New York, named Williams, who has a son about the age of his missing cousin. This last received, a

fortnight since a letter from the interior of Pennsylvania, signed William Russell, which made some suspicious allusions to his cousin, Charles E. Sage. Young Williams answered it, when another letter came. Mr. Williams, the elder, then wrote back to Pennsylvania, to the foreman Russell—having previously written to the postmaster of the town asking him to watch for the person who should call for any letter addressed to William Russell, and describe him. He did so. On receiving the description, Mr. Williams immediately

He then inquired for Parnassus, and heard that the young man he was in pursuit of had been in that place for some months, and that he had been keeping school. He then found the young man, but instead of William Russell he proved to be his own nephew, Charles K. Sage, the lad who was supposed to be dead and buried in his father's lot in Cromwell. Here was a mystery of mysteries. It is not stated what reason the boy gave for his extraordinary conduct. The uncle immediately took him on with him to Ithaca, and then turned his face toward Cromwell to see his brother, the

After remaining in his family nearly a day, and making all the inquiries that he desired, he revealed to Mr. Sturge the facts of the case, and told him that he was not, but with the injunction that not even he neither should be informed of the facts until after his counsel had been put in possession of them. The counsel told the story on Saturday. As late as Wednesday the mother was ignorant that her son was alive.

Judges Storrs and Butler were immediately notified of the facts, when they ordered a special session of the court to be held at Haddam, at 3 o'clock this afternoon, at which time the prisoner, John Sturge, would be brought before them. Sturge, who is a colored man, was brought before the court, which a *non prosequo* would be entered and Nugent would be discharged a free man. The elder Sage has agreed to give the prisoner the sum of \$300, to remunerate him in part for his loss of time.

The reader will concede that this is one of the most remarkable cases on the criminal records. Not only circumstantial evidence of the strongest character led to convict Nugent, but direct and positive testimony, from which there was no escape but by Providential interposition, was furnished, such as to leave not a shadow of doubt of his guilt in any rational mind. But, at the very last moment the astounding fact is revealed that the supposed murdered boy is still living. What Berson, the witness, will say when he learns this fact is yet to be known. What motive he

could have done for such a story, thus implicating himself, as a marvel. How he could have guessed so accurately at the divers and personal appearances of the lad, when he had never seen him before, was another mystery. He recollected the blood on the barn floor is not yet made known. Whose body it was that was found and buried at that young Sage is still a mystery, and is not even suspected.

It is proper to say here that there has been a story told by some persons that young Sage attempted some violence upon a young girl eight or nine years of age, before his departure; and it has been surmised that this was the cause of his absence, and the reason why he has not been brought back to Greenwood. Yet the truth of this story cannot be vouch.

Mr. Sage, the father, has always borne an excellent reputation, and his children have been well educated. One of his daughters is an accomplished pianist, and is receiving a very liberal education from a school teacher, and is residing at a private boarding school. All the other children of Mr. Sage have been privately made up to the fathers complicity with the affair, but the most respectable authorities believe him entirely innocent. The whole truth will, however, in time come out.

As to Nelson, he will find it hard, for he has not only lost his money, but also his honor, and perjury of

been guilty of perjury in attempting to swear away the blackest fact—that of attempting to avert the life of another the penalty for which crime is imprisonment for life in the State Prison. But, then, the question arises, whose body was that found? whose blood on the floor? Was anybody murdered at the same Benson supposed or pretended to suppose that young Sage was killed? Will Benson now insist that he saw what he had so solemnly sworn to, and has so often repeated? Doubtless the veil will be lifted from the face of the truth. The blood may be proved to be

that of some butchered animal, as was intimated by Nugent, and to have been long since spilled. But we will not conjecture upon these questions, for it is vain, until more time has elapsed. For some of the above reasons, it almost seems as if the boy could not be living—but neither the Judges or prosecuting officers

THEFT OF RAILROAD IRON.—Officers Thomas H. Seymore and Edmund Lockwood, of the Thirtieth Ward, about one o'clock yesterday morning detected a couple of river thieves in the act of stealing twelve or proceeding to arrest the

cars of railroad iron. On proceeding to arrest the rogues, the latter made a desperate resistance, and were not captured until the officers drew their revolvers, which had the desired effect. The thieves were locked up by Justice Brennan, and the iron placed in charge of the property clerk.